

Home Circle.

A RICH WOMAN.

For Young Mothers.

"Call me a rich woman? and my John with such a small salary, and I always having to rack my brains to study out all sorts of twisting ways and turning ways to make it sufficient to keep us just as decent folk? Call me rich?" And a little spare bustling woman who could not afford to lose a moment of time, plied her needle busily sewing some buttons on to the little boy's jacket.

"Yes, Mrs. Brown, you are a rich woman." And Mrs. Proctor in her fine well-fitting gown leaned her head back on the chair rest.

"Excuse me," she added, "for I am weary to-day," then the speaker smiled in an ironical way, saying, "weary doing nothing."

"Oh, dear me," said Mrs. Brown, "I should think you would be glad you had nothing to do, and that you could have your night's rest. I have not had a real good sleep since baby came, he is such a restless child. He is not like my other children; and the rules I followed out with them, I cannot apply to him at all. I got my other children in the habit of going to sleep by themselves. I put them on the bed at just such a time every day, and came out of the room, and I never heard a whimper from them; but this baby keeps up such a pathetic little cry that I cannot bear to hear it, and so I rock him to sleep, and even then I must put him down very gently or he will open his big blue eyes and look up into my face with a protest about leaving my arms.

"Clasp him to your heart every time, and thank God that you have a baby that loves to be in your arms and cuddle up to you. These empty arms ache because there is no baby to cuddle. Do you know, my friend, that I call you a rich woman because you have so much of love in your life and so much of love's labor to do every day? I was thinking to-day that if I died I should not be missed. I am not really necessary to anybody. Once I was, but those that depended on my love and care have passed away, or grown up and do not need to rely on me now. I have every comfort, and income sufficient to procure whatever I need without a worryment or thought for the morrow. But love and dependence, such as you have, have gone out of my life.

"Oh, I should be so glad to be really tired in body because of needed daily ministrations to husband and little ones. I should be so happy to feel when night

came that I had been a necessity to some living person. I was so rich when I was situated just as you are, with a small income, a good loving husband and four little ones to call 'Mother! Mother!' a hundred times a day. Oh, for a mothering time once more! But I did not realize what richness came into my life then. Young mothers seldom do.

"You get nervously tired a great many times; the flesh is weak when the spirit is willing, but do try to value these treasures of your life, these precious trusts the good Lord has given you. See all the sunshine of the way, keep out of the shadows, pick the beautiful flowers by the wayside, sing as you journey along with husband and the little ones. I missed so many of the beauties along the way, so many of the hospices of rest I might have enjoyed. Excuse me for this plain talk. I must be going. I felt so burdened with the poverty of loneliness to-day that I came over to see my rich neighbor."

After Mrs. Proctor had gone, Mrs. Brown sat in a deep thought. She had been irritable that morning with the children, getting them off to school. Had said censuring words to John, because he did not seem to be as successful as some other men in gaining a good financial position. She had turned their poverty over and over in her mind while sewing on the little boy's jacket, and just at the moment she was at her worst Mrs. Proctor had come in—Mrs. Proctor whose money and position and time she had so often coveted. And this neighbor, who came and went as she pleased, who had nothing to hinder her in her daily rounds, had come in weary because she had no such cares as hers, and called her "a rich woman!"

What if John should die, or the children go away, and she could not spread the bread and butter and jelly for them any more? She often told them they bothered her too much asking for bread and butter so often; but now she would be thankful she had bread and butter to give them.

What of those mothers who had no bread and butter to give when the little ones were hungry? How could she bear to send hers away because she could not give them any? And of those other mothers who had no little ones to ask for bread and butter? It was almost time for school to be out, and the loving mother got up and cut the large slices of bread, and buttered them well and put them on a plate on the table. "The children won't have to ask to-day," she said to herself, "they'll find I thought of their needs without being asked. School is a hungry place."

The children never seemed so loving, so sweet, as they did that day when they came in from school. Everything was pleasant. Usually the mother found many things to fret about. Sometimes Mary threw her hat down; Johnnie daubed his jacket with his bread and butter; Nellie lost her words which she had copied from the board in her composition book to learn that night: she never had seen such troublesome children; and then words would follow that kept up a state of agitation on both sides. But the mother did not see anything to fret over that day; and when her John came home with a frown on his brow and a discouraged tone in his voice because he was not as much of a financial success as he wished to be for wife and children's sake, it was the wife who spoke loving, encouraging words, and smoothed the furrows out of his brow, and the turbulent thoughts from his heart.

After the household were all asleep that night Mrs. Brown wrote this note to her neighbor:

DEAR MRS. PROCTOR: Don't ever feel again that you are not a necessity to anyone. I cannot begin to tell you what you have been to me to-day. I was poor, but you came in and showed me that I was rich. The good Lord sent you on this mission for him, and I trust that now you have shown me that I am a rich woman, that I shall live my life of love better and more for his glory. A wealth of love is mine indeed, and I thank my heavenly Father for giving it to me in such an overflowing measure. Your loving friend,—
Ruth S. Brown.

"THAT'S HIM'S TAIL."

Little Cornelia was teaching her younger sister, Margaret, to print letters and words. For a copy she printed for her the word DOG.

Margaret took the pencil and carefully printed the D, and the O, and the G in their order, and then added to the lower end of the G a little crooked line.

Cornelia took the paper to inspect the work, and, noticing the little crooked line added to the G, she said, "Why, Margaret, what did you put that little crooked line to it for?"

"That's him's tail," was Margaret's knowing reply.

This shows that Margaret had the image of a real live dog in her mind, rather than the word, while printing it.—*Telescope.*

THE most obvious lesson in Christ's teaching is that there is no happiness in getting anything; but only in giving.—*Drummond.*